

# 230 Tiger SQN

GULF CAMPAIGN 1990-1991

SONG BOOK

## **230 TIGER SQUADRON**

### **OP GRABY / DESERT STORM CAMPAIGN SONG BOOK**

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1. **The Blunts and the Remfs and the Pontis.**  
( **Tune: My Bonnie is over the ocean**)

230 we send them to Ireland,  
230 we send them to war,  
The Blunts and the Remfs and the Pontis  
Are posted to 3 and to 4.

They called in the Anglo-French Jaguar,  
They called in Tornado and Buc,  
They left out the 5's and the 7's,  
'Cos we know their not worth a fuck.

Bring back, bring back, bring back the GR3 to me,  
Bring back, bring back, the GR3.

2. **A Battle Far Away**  
( **Tune: There is a Green Hill Far away**)

There was a battle far away,  
The Puma boys were there,  
But where were you, you Bona mates?  
We neither know nor care.

2,3,4, 'Cos where were you, you Bona mates?  
Where were you, you Bona mates?

3. **Basra Burns Brightly**  
(**Tune: Wir fliegen Gegen England**)

Basra burns brightly on the Tigris,  
We bombed the arab bastards day and night, Insch Allah!  
For tonight is the Mother of all Battles,  
'gainst Saddam's military might.  
Your ships we'lv sank Saddam,  
Your Air Force is wank Saddam,  
For tonight is the Mother of all battles,  
Saddam, Saddam, he's insane, he's insane, Insch Allah!

And if I die in battle,  
And crash in a fireball in the sand, Boom, Boom,  
There is one thing for certain,  
The harrier mates didn't lend a hand.  
So where were you, you Harrier Mates?  
You couldn't miss the airshow dates!  
So we left you festering at Gutersloh,  
Propping, propping up the bar, up the bar, up the bar,  
UP YOURS!

4. **The Harrier's War Role**  
(Tune: Beaver Aircraft, (The Church Has One Foundation))

The Harrier 's a funny looking aircraft,  
It flies across the Mohne dam, Mohn dam.  
Does this aircraft have a war role,  
Try and find one if You can!

Its picture's always found in Zeitung,  
It tours the airshow all year round, all year round,  
But when the Tigers fought the Saudi,  
The Harrier was nowhere to be found.

5. **Hawker-Siddeley Why?**  
(Tune: Why ws he born so beautiful)

Why were they brought to Gutersloh,  
Why were they built at all?  
They're no fucking use in peace and war,  
They're no fucking use at all!

6. **Jolly Tigers**  
(Tune: The Church Has One Foundation (Fred Mulley's Air Force))

We are the Jolly Tigers,  
We went out to Saudi,  
There were not many woman,  
And even fewer trees,  
We would have had a good time if we'd been better led,  
But it is our dearest wisch that would all drop dead.

7. **KKMC**  
( Tune: Mull Of Kintyre)

Oh KKMC, Oh why is it me,  
Approaching the Tee  
Ehen its too dark to see,  
On my NVG.

Up in the morning,  
And down to the can,  
Sharing the crapper with a strange looking man,

He says I'll wipe yours arse, if you will wipe mine,  
And that keeps us busy til quarter past nine.

Just after the breakfast,  
Its down to the brief  
There stands a short man, with Reggie beneath,  
The usual bullshit, how have they the gall,  
As they speak for an our and tellus fuck-all.

Three hours later  
To the Int brief we go,  
It's given once daily by a man called the GLO,  
He says he can't help us-we think it's a farce,  
I can get loads more Int from the cheeks of my arse.

**8. It's a Long Way to Kuwait City  
(Tune: Bleedin Obvious)**

It's a long way to Kuwait City,  
It's a long way to go,  
It's a long way to Kuwait City,  
But the Bona mates won't know,  
Goodbye KKMC, farewell Ras-Al-Gar,  
It's a long long way to Kuwait City,  
For the Harriers too far.

Sound of the marching feet. (Tramp, tramp, tramp)

Sound of the Daisy Cutters. (Boom, Bbooomm)

Sound of the Burning Iraqis. (EEEEKK)

Sound of the Lost Syrians. (We Surrender Mr Smythe)

**9. What Shall We Do With a Hopeless Leader  
(Tune: What shall we do with a drunken sailor)**

What shall we do with a hopeless leader,  
What shall we do with a hopeless leader,  
What shall we do with a hopeless leader, early in the morning.

Send, send, send him to ASOC,  
Take him off Ops and put him on Training,  
Make him i/c POWs,  
AMF arrest more friendlies,  
send him, send him to Force Headquarters.

**10. 12 Days of Crisis**  
**(Tune: 12 Days of Christmas)**

On the first day of crisis the Execs gave to me,  
A ticket to Saudi.

2 <sup>nd</sup> day	2 bone domes
3 <sup>rd</sup> day	3 weheels a flapping
4 <sup>th</sup> day	1 Manston recce
5 <sup>th</sup> day	5 PLJ's
6 <sup>th</sup> day	6 pairs of long johns (never issued)
7 <sup>th</sup> day	7 life-ex cannisters
8 <sup>th</sup> day	8 different handouts
9 <sup>th</sup> day	The Blackie book of dodges
10 <sup>th</sup> day	10 indecisions
11 <sup>th</sup> day	11 evening briefings
12 <sup>th</sup> day	Sweet FA

**11. The Scud Missiles**  
**(Tune: John Peel)**

Well a Scud missile blew me out of my bed,  
So I rushed to the GLO and to him I said,  
I don't give a toss, report me to my boss,  
Cause Saddam's coming down in the morning.

Do ya ken Al Jubayl where the sun shines bright,  
And ya dream all day of a solit shite,  
Stay down your foxhole  
With your egg and bacon roll  
Do ya like bromide tea in the morning.

Chorus

Do ya ken Bahrain where the Jags mates are,  
And the gay boy loiters propping up the bar,  
Their new squadron toys,  
Are 12 little arab boys,  
Stuff your arse with glass in the morning.

Chorus

Do ya ken Dahran with an in coming Scud  
And ya cant hold ya breath, so ya pray that it's a dud  
It will spoil your day  
As your skin falls away  
And ya get a funny twitch in the morning.

Chorus

Do ya ken the Argos with its turbulent deck.  
When ya hit the superstructure you'll break ya fucking neck  
there's a nursey down below  
Who's suspenders are on show  
And you'll get a little prick in the morning (O yes you will)

Chorus

Do ya ken the dessert cabs don't they look quaint,  
Three weeks late and peeling pink paint,  
The flare gun's at the door,  
'Cos wehaven't got Mode 4,  
With a Stinger up Your arse in the morning.

## 12. 230 Organization

**(Tune: Capri, Capri the Isle of Capri)**

Now 230 Sqn's a mighty fine place,  
But the organization's a fucking disgrace.  
There's Execs and weehls and spaceman too,  
Who sit on their arses with fuck all too do.  
They sit on their arses, they scream and they shout.  
They talk about things they know fuck all about.  
And as for the good, they might just as well be-  
Shoveling sand down in Saudi,  
In Saudi, in Saudi,  
Shoveling sand down in Saudi.

Now Al Jabayl airfield is a mighty fine place,  
But it looks like the boys have got eggs on their face-  
We still have no aircraft, we still have no maps,  
We're given more injections and force-fed with Naps.  
Now the Naps give us squirts and jabs hurt our arm,  
But the doctor assures us they'll do us no harm.  
By the end of the week we were all on our backs,  
with pneumonic plague, Whooping cough and Anthrax.

On our backs, on our backs,  
Flat on our backs with a dose of Anthrax.

**13. Two Month Late**  
**(Tune: Side by Side)**

The Pumas went to Saudi in 90,  
We thought we'd left the Chinooks in blighty  
When bugger me,  
In January,  
Who arrived?

Along came a gaggle of, Wokkas,  
Flown by Sqn of, plonkers,  
They thought that out here,  
They'd find woman and beer  
Pigs might fly.

The Navy followed on soon, after,  
Their quickstops provided much, laughter,  
Yes the fishheads went pale,  
When they snapped off a tail,  
Nice Cat 5!

The Air Corps also had a small, calamity,  
They ammended Newtons law of, gravity,  
What goes up, must come down,  
And smash in the ground.  
ondor time!

Well the Wokkas soon had a big, surprise,  
Their Boss announced it wasn't an, exercise.  
They said we thought it was strange-  
This is a fuckinge range  
Who's on our side?

Along came the mother of all, battles,  
SH collected all their, medals  
Now it's back home we go,  
To let the Harriers know  
SH are the boys.



**14. Geoff's Song**

**(Tune: You've lost that loving feeling)**

You better watch your step ever more, in case your foot slips.  
'Cos there's no tenderness, like before in that fingertip,  
They tried so hard to resew it, Geoffrey.  
But, Geoffrey we know it-  
You've lost that little finger,  
Wo-oo that little finger.  
You've lost that little finger,  
Now it's gone, gone, gone, gone up there.  
Da dum, da dum, da dum, dada da dum.....  
But Geoffrey we know-  
You just went to walk down the stairs,  
And at the bottom your finger was still up there!